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May 8, 1950

Dear Ed -

Its been an age since I have written and an age after that before I heard from you. Now it doesnt seem that I am much better! How exciting to get an air mail, special delivery - and worth waiting for -

I have been busy. Relatives poured in for the dedication and I had the pleasure of seeing your mother and father at the ceremonies. Then I had my monthly stint at the office, less monotonous than usual. We have been caught up in wedding plans with

still obstreperous, although
I am shaken everytime I look
at her.

Rosalie and Dad went
to Florida on a petunia
planting spree while Mom,
Mil and I stayed home
too engrossed in the elections
to depart. I worked like a
slave for Laurie Battle
Congressman from the 9th
district, and I would be
horribly tired. The C. I. O. was
out to get him and we
couldn't begin to do enough.
We were successful and this
time the best man definite-
ly wow! We are drinking
bitter tea over the run-offs
for the governor's race. Johnson
came on the air speaking
for Haman, his choice, against
"fourteen rotten eggs." I got a
laugh out of that one! We
were pulling for Henderson

but he didn't even get in the
run off. Such is life - Now
I guess it will be Gordon
Persons, the lesser of the evils.

I have been out in the
garden all morning, cutting
iris and roses. Our garden
was never more beautiful. The
problem comes with whether
to leave the flowers there or
bring them in the house.
Even the house looks like
Spring. The winter rugs have
been taken up and the straw
ones put down. The moths
almost carried the others away,
to say us the trouble, no
doubt!

Write soon and don't
wait three weeks this time.
You couldn't be that busy.
When do you think you'll
be coming? Any time
soon? Do let me know.

Love,
Augusta

a bridesmaid's dress fitting on
the agenda for tomorrow. There
will be a few parties - all
very gay. Wayne has been
in and out of town and
he even treated me to a
heavenly steak, courtesy of
St. Regis'. We have been
addressing invitations madly,
with Mil standing over us
with a ruler to tap our
knuckles when we make
mistakes! (A brief intermission
just now because the flat
silver has just arrived. What
fun!)

I took Coitreau down
to the vet's yesterday to be
clipped - much against my
better judgment. He went
absolutely haywire with his
electric shears and now she
looks like a poor, starved
beast from darkest Africa.
Nothing daunted - she is